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mitted to Washington, would, in all probability, have caused its rejection as an insult, with what consequences I hardly dare to imagine. The dispatch went for approval to Windsor Castle, and there Prince Albert, with no constitutional authority, but with a wisdom and a humanity above all praise, himself softened the ferocious demand till it became one that America might grant with dignity. He died in a few days, having led his self-suppressing life utterly unknown and misunderstood, nay, disliked and laughed at by the nation; but his last public act had saved his country and ours from war—had, in fact, enabled us to save our Union; and his stainless soul took its premature flight under our Lord's promise that "the peace-makers are blessed, for they shall be called the children of God."

Do you tell me that such sentiments, whatever their intrinsic value, are out of place in a commemoration of Bunker Hill battle? That question has been settled before. It was settled when Mr. Webster was your orator at the completion of our monument. You know it has often been held that the first indications of the American revolution were given when Samuel Adams, in his master's address at Harvard College, asserted the right of the governed to resist their governors in cases of tyranny. This was in 1743. In almost exactly a century, Mr. Webster delivered his memorable oration. He had just risked his popularity with the entire country by concluding the extradition and boundary treaties with England, for which he was equally abused by General Cass and Lord Palmerston. I hold that act of his showed what a mighty advance we had made in a hundred years—that if the words of Samuel Adams in 1743 paved the way for American independence of England, the words of Daniel Webster in 1843 paved the way for eternal friendship between the former subject and the former mistress. Such was the view of your centennial orator, Judge Devens, as fearless a soldier as ever lived, who prayed as follows on the 17th of June, 1875:

"Peace forever with that great country from which the day we commemorate did so much really to dis sever us. If there were in that time, or if there have been since, many things we could have wished otherwise, we can easily afford to let them pass out of oblivion."

This very 14th of October might lead us to pause before we let the blaze of military glory dazzle us out of the contemplation of purer lights. On the 14th of October, 1066, William of Normandy slew the noble-hearted Harold, and for a time buried the ancient liberties of England. Their vitality was too strong not to rise again when a century and a half had gone away. But the battle of Hastings fastened upon the island that Norman military aristocracy, whose privileges have been handed down from noble to noble for twenty-five generations, and the wisest heads in England are bewildered at the difficulties in the way of their removal. And yet, there

are Americans who would go back to emulate that feudal conqueror, and create a soldier caste in this land.

Let such, let all of us, listen to the yet holier and more touching call which the day of Bunker Hill and the name of Prescott give us, to sheathe the sword between rival nations, and exhibit it only as an antique trophy. When William Prescott was directing the shots on Bunker Hill, Edward Linzee was delivering the broadsides of the Falcon against the redoubt. In fifty years the grandson of Prescott, and the granddaughter of Linzee were married, and their posterity is still with us, full of promise. There hung in the library of the historian, there hangs now in the library of the Massachusetts Historical Society, the swords that Prescott and Linzee wore on that day, crossed, not in strife, but in peaceful symmetry. There may they hang forever, as a symbol that the softening of the rough ages, by the disuse of wars, is not the mere vision of a heathen poet, but indeed the veritable song brought down from heaven by the angels; there may they hang forever, or rather—if ever evil passions on either side of the ocean seek to drive us into the sin and crime of war—let them be transferred to the department of 'state at Washington, where those who conduct the diplomacy of the United States, looking at them upon the wall, and through the window upon the monument of the father of his country, may feel their spirits chastened and their souls raised from the low swamp of battle to the soaring heights of peace. Then let the war god sink into the embrace of all conquering love, and let the genius of peace throw over their limbs the resistless network of the arts, that all the gods of Olympus may come and behold the spectacle of men's claims yielding to their duties, and Moloch prostrated before Jesus.

#### A SOLDIER'S VIEWS OF THE ARMY.

THE SERVITUDE OF THE STANDING ARMIES OF EUROPE — THE  
DISENCHANTMENT OF SERVICE — LONGING FOR HOME — A  
PLEA FOR LIBERTY.

BY A CONSCRIPT IN THE FRENCH ARMY.

Oftentimes I catch the glance of some American tourist amazed and amused at the sight of us as we are being marched down the streets of our little provincial city. At such moments my eyes cannot convey my thoughts, because they too, I fear, bear that vague and impersonal look of the other "men's" eyes which is beyond sadness. Nor dare I speak from out the ranks and say: "My American brothers, truly we are your kindred in disguise; look at us across the street with sympathy, do not look down at us with a smile. Ours the drudgery; go you your way and thank the Lord for the privilege of freedom you enjoy, but do not, perhaps, sufficiently value." No, this I cannot express to them from the rank and file. So I beg to do so here with more latitude at my disposal, although the regulations compel my voice to remain anonymous.

Also I wish to lay stress upon this fact, that whatever I am about to state with regard to my country could be likewise applied, I doubt not, to countries other than my own. Mine is but one voice lifted from the midst of a huge benumbed multitude. Modern militarism means to the soldiers something as oppressive perhaps, and beyond question as depressing as the thraldoms of old did to the slaves.

And more dangerous this our modern servitude, because we cannot rise up and shake it off as the slaves could at least try to do. Spartans would stand no chance of success nowadays. Nor can we even conceive of such a revolt. This servitude we inflict upon ourselves, or, at all events, we allow it to be inflicted upon us by that invisible and impersonal one miscalled Democracy.

For the People do not rule. The Nation rules, which is quite different. It is the individuals, with private and conscious opinions, that make up the People. But no sooner have they stepped into public life than they surrender these opinions to the general tone of minds. Thus the government of the People, or Democracy, amounts to the servitude of the same on behalf of what we indefinitely term the Nation.

Meantime hundreds of representatives in the parliaments of Europe fail to raise their voice against militarism, and millions of us have to undergo this thraldom.

Ah, happy should I be, could my voice utter a cry for freedom in the midst of my own people, and move them to give out their true "public opinion" against the armies. At any rate, I shall utter a plea for sympathy in your free country on behalf of the enslaved soldiers abroad.

Nor are you Americans travelling abroad the sole ones to smile at us from the sidewalk.

What is more offensive is that our jolly burgesses themselves meet us with the same condescending smile; and more disheartening, too, because it foretells of a long persistency in the future of the old popular delusion concerning the soldiers.

Perhaps some of these townfolk have served in their days. But either they have forgotten, or else they remember, and do not see—for shame! yet how human, if not humane, the feeling!—why we youngsters should not have our share of it. Or, possibly, they believe our modern army still bears some resemblance to that of the preceding periods. This is the delusion of the veterans whose black garbs cannot conceal their past as we meet them in the parks—seated by twos on the benches and tracing with their sticks on the sand the plans of their former campaigns. In this case the feeling is different. They look upon our occupation as ennobling. Would that it could be so, and prove a vocation as in their days!

To sum up, outsiders in general have not the remotest understanding of, or sympathy for, this occupation of ours; and, indeed, we feel them to be outsiders. They

fail to see our mission—this is only natural; for we lack a mission. Could we be inspired with one, our thraldom would be turned to an honor. But what they should be expected to perceive is precisely our uselessness and misery in these unreasonable and mechanical bodies, the armies of Europe.

Before we enter them we look forward to the event with a boyish and gallant cheerfulness. On the whole, the manner in which this compulsory service is performed deserves earnest admiration from all outsiders in favor of the soldiers. They have left their all at home to gain almost nothing. After a hard day of it they will often be heard to say upon going to bed: "I think we have earned our one cent to-day." Most of them are day laborers, or the helpers of poor parents, or had just taken up some business of their own and married. Business and family alike they must renounce for *three years*. We were on duty one evening, I remember, in a large prison outside the walls. As we were not to return to town till the following day the mail was brought to us. One of the men who was about to be placed as a sentry was told in a letter from his wife that his first baby had just died. The event was a casual, every-day one, perhaps; yet the way in which it rushed upon that man was heartrending. He shook hands all round and left. Before he sees his next child long enough to teach it to say Father that child will be three years of age! As a student in the University I am excused two years, and I must own the mention of this privilege often flushes my face with somewhat of shame. Therefore I seize this occasion to express to my less fortunate comrades my recognition of their fine endurance in not shrinking from nine hundred and odd days of servitude.

It is true they, as a rule, look forward to this heavy duty with merriness and readiness; for they have been fostered from their childhood with warlike traditions. Baby guns and trumpets were brought to them in their cradles. This nursery education, along with the heredity from fathers who fought the gigantic battles of—or against—Napoleon, contributes largely toward their being both dazzled and deceived. Of those that volunteer before they were called up at twenty-one, I know scarcely any that do not regret the move. I am afraid the experience is not unfrequently the same with young volunteers as with young girls who marry abroad—a few days' trial would deter them from taking the step.

The true story of bleak military life soon opens. For the first days such is the utter *dismay*, such the whirl that merges them into the current that it requires some reflection for them to gather their wits and senses once more. I recollect after one week of service sitting down upon a greasy bench, the soup having been removed from the dormitory where we took our hasty meals. For a long while I rolled my pencil in my fingers and endeavored to write a line to those at home, but actually failed to

find the simplest words to translate the simplest thought into a sentence. I had to satisfy myself with telling them so, and thus conclude this attempt at a first message.

When we recover from this early swoon of our minds under the pressure of military life a craving is manifested within us, one that will henceforward never die, though we may have to restrain it — a craving for liberty.

We read much of the struggle for liberty throughout all the countries of Europe at the close of the last and in the beginning of this century. That word swept over the whole continent, and aroused in every man's breast his most generous aspirations and in his mind his rarest abilities. The finest men in the various and now antagonistic countries were then identified in a perfect communion of thought and feeling for liberty. Take the heroes of your American Revolution as an instance, and those of the French as another. Some of the latter, in the drift and exaggeration of the early principles, even enforced freedom by death — "Be free or die."

The very despotism of Napoleon failed to banish the name and shadow of liberty; for he claimed to be carrying out among those he oppressed the liberal policy of the Revolution. After his time was over, and when the counter revolution of the sovereigns took place, although they glutted their vengeance against the spirit of France, that spirit endured. A whole galaxy of names was made to shine with the halo of liberty from Kosciusko to Mazzini, and in the English poets themselves this propagating movement is traceable. The words of Schiller for Beethoven's Ninth Symphony were first dedicated to *Freiheit* (Liberty), not *Friede* (Peace) as the title now reads. But this amendment of them was exacted through official, or rather, extra official request.

Of all this exalted state of minds and hearts in favor of liberty, we, as I say, read a great deal. But do we feel accordingly the grandeur of liberty to-day? I am positive we do not, because we have never suffered from and been tortured by the absence of it. Only in going through compulsory service have I realized the gifts which liberty imparts.

We should not complain in the armies of being deprived of our personal and outward physical liberty. It is only fair to make a sacrifice of it to the country, and to a principle. Why we do it so reluctantly would be worthy a long investigation to make it clear. Perhaps the reason lies in the fact that the principle I allude to is lost to sight.

Yet the possibility of thinking freely is not taken from us in the service. Our convictions are not interfered with, and the evil rests rather in the lack of any great purpose in an army life. Little is cared as to what we may think, if only we will do the job and drill.

But there is a certain liberty of feeling which we lack. Our hearts are smothered into the sorriest of all servitudes. This liberty of feeling was made plain to me re-

cently by an ode of Coleridge on the matter. Liberty's keenest charm is to associate with others, to neighbor with men and beasts and things, to move at random about the encircling world, and to have its meaning revealed to us by dint of intimate intercourse.

This right to belong to our surroundings and to have them belong to us is the main one snatched from us in the army. I doubt not but that the meanest country lad turns back in thought to the sties and stables in his father's yard with a longing.

The truth is, between the world outside, between the walkers-by in the street and the soldier a veil seems to be drawn. It is almost a physical illusion at times. This world you inhabit, we dimly see through a mist, through an impossibility, as it were, of ever moving there again in the full free sunlight and warmth of real life.

Strange as it may seem that the army should have become a sort of transient caste to which all classes for a while must belong and no more be the natural flowering and outcome of civic life, it is true. To account for it, however, would necessitate a deeper and closer study.

I wish merely to give you a few striking instances of our yearning for the date of release. It is the one thought the soldier carries in his brains — a thought that ends in grinding him down to stupidity as would a millstone.

Many keep a tape-measure in their pockets. When the number of days of service no longer exceeds the number of inches they cut off one of these every day. I have known one man to allow thirty days to run by without removing an inch so that he might feast on the feverish delight of cutting them off in one day! Some count the number of loaves to be distributed by the quartermaster before their time is up. They are fewer than the days and inches, since one loaf does them two days.

Some others, on the contrary, count off the number of meals to be had (more numerous than either inches of tape or loaves of bread, but allowing in proportion a larger number to be withdrawn daily since two meals of soup go to each day).

But these are only minor illustrations of a feeling which is deep and earnest. The same will break out sometimes in individual cases which focus its intensity diffused in the mass of us. I took a blanket to a youth of twenty-three, in his cell, the other night, just before the call. As a corporal I felt qualified to inquire into the reasons of his deserting, which will cause him to be a prisoner for years.

"Why did you run away?"

"I don't know."

"Where did you go to?"

"To my village."

"How far from here?"

"Far."

"Did you confide to your parents?"

"No. I didn't enter the house."

"What then?"

"I looked at it from a distance."

"How long had you already served?"

"Twenty-eight months."

"How long had you still to serve?"

"Two months."

—*The Independent.*